

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE,
Bloomfield, N. J.

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THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.
BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL
OF LITERATURE,
EDUCATION,
POLITICS,
GENERAL NEWS,
AND LOCAL INTERESTS.

It is generally acknowledged to be the equal of the best newspapers published, and superior to most country papers. It is a matter of pride to these towns which it so ably and well represents.

To sustain these assertions, it would be easy to give a large selection from opinions of its readers and patrons which constantly come to hand. But the paper will speak for itself.

Subscription price, \$2 a year or \$1 for six months.

WM. P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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One Block from M & E R R Depot.
NEWARK, N. J.

Gold Fillings a Specialty.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered on the new plan. No charge for extracting, when Artificial teeth are inserted.

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(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College),
476 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.

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WALL PAPERS,

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NO. 303 BROAD ST. (near Nesbitt) NEWARK.

All orders promptly attended to. Feb21-1y

CONFECTIONERY.

FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM.

OYSTERS.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

The Citizens of Newark and vicinity are informed that "FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM" will be continued in the Fall and Winter the same as in the Summer. No postponement on account of the weather.

The same Delicious Creams and Ice, sold at the same low prices as in the Summer.

At the same low prices as in the Summer.

Boarding house keepers will find great advantage in having ICE CREAM for a DESSERT two or three times a week—they can catch up anything that is cheaper or more refreshing.

ALL THE USUAL KINDS OF ICE CREAM.

Will be kept, besides the French Cream. We have all kinds of

FANCY MOULDS,

Both large and small, of Birds, Animals, Men, Fruit, &c. Estimates will be given for serving.

WEDDINGS AND PARTIES

with all Refreshments needed, including the BIG CAKE. Our Saloon will be more attractive than ever. Besides Ice Cream and Ice, we are now serving up

OYSTERS, SCALLOPS,

Tea, Coffee, Charlotte Russe, &c.

Ladies will find our Saloon everything they desire.

These liberal policy that characterizes us in Ice Cream will be observed in regard to Oysters, &c., so drop in as usual.

FUSSELL,

No. 303 BROAD STREET.

Banks, Insurance, &c.

North Ward National Bank

OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

THIS institution commenced business on the 24th of February last, in the Rhodes Building, No. 445 Broad Street, nearly opposite the M & E R R Depot. It is very conveniently located for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facilities in Newark.

DIRECTORS.

H. M. Rhodes, C. A. Fuller,
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E. G. Fairbank, E. L. McNaughton,
J. Ward Woodruff, Joseph Feder,
P. T. Doremus, Joseph M. Smith,
Benj. F. Crane, Joseph Coult,
George Roe, George Roe, Cashier.

PEOPLES

Savings Institution,

145 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, a dividend at the rate of

7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM,

was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st of November, payable on or after November 18th, and if not drawn to be counted as principal from November 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st, will draw interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President.
ALEXANDER GRANT, Treasurer.

CITIZENS' Insurance Company,

443 BROAD STREET,
NEWARK, N. J.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.

ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.

JAS. J. DARLING, President.

A. P. SCHARFF, Secretary.

C. BRADLEY, Survevor.

1y26-1y

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.

NEWARK, N. J.

Statement, January 1st, 1873

Balance as per statement, Jan. 1, 1872, \$23,341,736 81

Received during the year 1872, \$3,344,168 51

Received for interest during the year 1872, 1,594,116 18

Received for annuities during the year 1872, 770 99

Total receipts for 1872, \$5,939,055 68

Paid claims by death \$1,911,444 73

Paid annuities 40,391 11

Paid surrenders 356,024 98

Paid advertising 64,004 90

Paid contingent expenses 30,845 91

Paid postage and exchange 11,051 49

Paid taxes and internal revenue 84,644 00

Agents' salaries 406,943 88

Paid physicians' fees 30,382 22

Paid annuities 1,465 70

Paid claims premiums 1,600 426 00

\$4,573,053 91

\$4,573,053 91

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THE EDITOR'S GUESTS.

The Editor set in his sanctum, his countenance

frowned with care.

His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair.

His chair as it were supporting, his right hand upholding his head.

His eyes on his dusty old table, with different documents spread:

The Editor dreamily pondered on several ponderous things.

On the different lines of action and the pulling of different strings:

Upon some equivocal doings, and some unequivocal duns:

On how few of his numerous patrons were quietly prompt paying ones;

On friends who subscribed "just to help him," and wordily encouragement lent;

And had given him plenty of counsel, but never had paid him a cent;

On vinegar, kind-hearted people were feeding him every hour.

Who saw not the work they were doing, but wondered that "printers are so slow."

On several intelligent townsmen, whose kind words were without stint.

That they kept an eye out on his business, and told him just what he should print;

On men who had rendered him favors, and never pushed forward their claims.

So long as the paper was crowded with "local" containing their names:

On various other small matters, sufficient his temper to reel, and his feelings to sear.

And he needed some pleasant occurrence his ruffled emotions to soothe:

He had it, for lo! on the threshold, a slow and reliable tread

And a familiar invaded the sanctum, and these were the words that he said:

"Good-mornin', Mr. Mr. Printer; how is your body to day?"

I'm glad you're home; for you fellows is 'a'way a runnin' away.

But lay'n' aside pleasure for business, I've brought my little boy Jim.

And I thought I would see if you couldn't make a good story 'a' follow to him.

"He shan't go to school for 'a' labor, though I've labored with him a good deal.

But he's built out of a good growth timber, and nothin' about him is big

Excepting his appetite only, and there he's as big as a pig.

I keep him a-gearin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the jug.

And take him among the potatoes, and settlin' to pickin' the bugs:

And then there is things to be doin' a-belpin' There's churin' and washin' of dishes, and other descriptions of chores:

But he don't take to nothin' but victuals, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid.

So I thought it would be a good notion to learn him the editor's trade.

His boy has been a farmer, his judgement is better to learn.

But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him!

"I ain't much to get up a paper—it wouldn't take him long for to learn:

He could feed the machine, I think, with a good strap 'a' follow to him.

And things there was once hard to learn, is easy enough now to do:

Just keep your eye on your machinery, and crack your arrangements right through.

I used for to wonder at readin', and where it was got up on how:

But 'tis most of it made by machinery—I can see it all plain enough now.

An' since the whole trade has grown away, 'twould be easy enough, I've a notion.

If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor outen o' him!

The Editor set in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye.

Then glancing at the grinning young hopeful, and merrily said his reply:

"Is your son a small unweaned edition of Moses and Aaron for you?"

Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath?

Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his check?

Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a single word?

Can he courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an impudent dunce?

Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen at once?

Can he prove all the springs of knowledge, with quack and reliable or bit?

And be sure that he knows how much that know, and knows how to know too much?

Does he know how to spur up his virtues, and put a check rein on his pride?

Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rascally countenance?

Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage and vim?

If so perhaps we can make an editor 'outen o' him."

The farmer stood curiously listening; while wonder his visage o'erspread.

And he said, "Jim, I guess we'll be goin' 'a-b' probably outen o' his head."

But lo! on the rickety stair-case, another reliable tread.

And entered another old farmer, and these were the words that he said:

"Good-mornin', Mr. Mr. Editor, how is the folks to-day?"

I owe you for next year's paper; I thought I'd come in and pay.

And Jones is agoin' to take it, and this is his money here.

I shan't give on credit; it to him, and coaxed him to try it a year.

And here's a little little item that happened last week in our town.

I thought they'd look good for the paper, and so I just jotted 'em down.

And here is a basket of cherries my wife picked expressly for you.

And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie—she thought she must send somethin' too.

You're doin' the politics bully, as all of our family agree—

Just keep your old goose-quill a flyin', and now you are chock-full of business, and I won't be takin' your time.

I've things of my own I must 'tend to—good day, Mr. Mr. Editor!

The Editor set in his sanctum and brought his head to the window.

"God bless that old farmer," he muttered, "he's a regular Editor's tramp."

And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever be, still!

There are some who appreciate his labors, and